

<sup>4</sup>  
MEMOIRS

3.

OF THE

*Pam 22*

L I F E

O F

SCRIBLERUS.

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*Scalpellum, Calami, Atramentum, Charta, Libelli.*

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By D. S——t.

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MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE

OF

SCRIBLERS

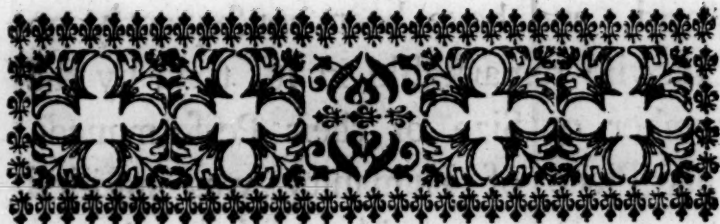
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By D. S. —



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# MEMOIRS, &c.

O F

## SCRIBLERUS.



S I have a tender Regard  
to Men of great Merit,  
and small Fortunes, I shall  
let slip no Opportunity of  
bringing them to Light,  
when either through a peculiar Mode-  
sty, or some Unhappinefs in their Per-  
B sonal

sonal Appearance, they have been unwilling to present themselves to the World, and have been consequently no otherwise remarkable in it, than by the Number or Size of their Performances. This Piece of Humanity was instilled into me by an accidental Turn in my own Fortunes, which was owing to the Discovery a Man of great Penetration and Power made of the Excellence and Superiority of my Genius; and reflecting how much it was obscur'd by a Thread-bare Coat, very graciously advanc'd me to a Station of good Profit and little Trouble, any farther than to provide others to do my Business. This gave me an Opportunity of cultivating my Person, which had lain long unregarded, in which Branch of my Profession I am so considerably advanced, that I often over-hear the Good Women, as I pass by, cry out, *L-d! how sleek our D--r is.* This  
 Piece



Piece of Flattery, with some other private Reasons, not very material to insert here, makes me advance twice a Year to shew my Person and Parts, for the Sake and Improvement of my Male and Female Auditors; this generally occasions Matter of mutual Compliment, and is the Support of a civil Correspondence the Year round.

Here you see an Instance of the Grand Foible in human Nature, for which I will not make any Apology, though I have the greatest Authority of my Side; my Design being at present to celebrate a Person, whose Merit will employ all the Stock of Genius I have collected, so that begging the gentle Reader to excuse these few Hints which I design one Day to extend into a fizeable Volume, I shall, without farther Ceremony, conduct him out of the Entry to the Place of Entertainment.

I say, proceeding upon this Principle,

*Haud ignara mali miseris succurrere disco.*

I have, in Justice to this worthy Gentleman, who (notwithstanding his Writings have furnish'd this our noble City with its politest Conversation for ten Years past) might otherwise have remain'd in Obscurity, collected some remarkable Circumstances of his Life, which I assure the Reader are related with all imaginable Truth and Accuracy.

The first of this antient Family that distinguish'd himself in the World was *Joachim Scriblerus*, a very learned Divine; he flourished in the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries, and wrote an immense Quantity of very valuable Books in Divinity, of which there remain Thirty Two compleat Bodies, Seventy Six Commentaries, besides Two Thousand

land Dissertations and separate Treatises; of which, a great Part were to be seen in a curious Collection of most rare Books, set forth in a neighbouring Metropolis, by that Ingenious Gentleman, T— R—.

This *Joachim* had Seven Sons, who were all educated under the Father till they came of Age, but were then turned out to the wide World with a sufficient Quantity of Quills, and other Implements, to get a Livelihood. But as the Father was to portion out his Stock into so many equal Parts, neither of these young Gentlemen were able to make any great Figure among the *Literati*; so that not one of the Family broke out in any remarkable Manner till the last Century, when the scattered Genius \* of the Family was collected

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\* Here it may not be improper to remark  
the

collected into the Hands of the only Male Heir, to whose Life and History the curious Reader is desired to attend.

*Timothy Scriblerus* was the Son of an eminent Stationer, who for several Years after Marriage was in Expectation of a Male Heir; Daughters he had in Abundance, but his chief Concern was, lest the Fame of the Family should dwindle for Want of a Son, and the World should not know he was any Relative of Old *Joachim*. This made him frequently very pensive, and

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the near Relation of Quills and Genius. When a Man makes any bold Stroke in Rhime, don't we cry, — That's a fine Flight, — he soars; — that's a lofty Expression; — or, — his Fancy is upon the Wing; finding the Sentence always dignify'd by an Allusion to a Goose-Wing, which shews the Preeminence, tho' I compliment my Friend by making them signify the same.



and one Day when he was more than ordinary so, an elderly Woman observing the Concern in his Countenance, came up to the Shop Door, and shaking her Head, accosted him in the following Manner: I am very sorry for your Misfortune, my good Master, but if you will cross my Hand with a small Spill, and follow my Advice, you shall have a Son to your Wish before the Year is out. The Mention of a Circumstance that he could not imagine how she came acquainted with, encouraged him to gratify her in any Request, whereupon he desired her to sit down and proceed. You are to know then, Sir, said she, that from my Acquaintance with the Stars I came by the Knowledge of your Wants; and by my great Skill in Natural Magick, to understand the Method of supplying them; provided you do your Part and follow this Direction: He promis'd strict Observance,  
and



and received the following Prescript :  
 Take Seven of the fairest Sheets of  
 Paper, and upon each of them you  
 must have Seven Alphabets of Seven  
 different Languages varied Seventy Se-  
 ven times, so that no one Letter stand  
 twice in the same Posture ; when you  
 have done this, clip all these Letters  
 asunder, and sew them up in a Pillowbier,  
 and upon a certain critical Conjunction —

— — — — —  
 During this Operation the Pillow must  
 be placed so, that she may incline her-  
 self towards the Right Side, I suppose  
 from that Hint of the Poet's,

*Virgam Dextra tenet* —

The Good Man communicated this to  
 his Wife, and they took the first Op-  
 portunity of following her Advice : Ac-  
 cordingly in Nine Months Time they  
 were in daily Expectation of Success.

It

It happen'd one Evening they were amusing themselves with the Prospect of their Bliss, and laying Schemes for the Education and Advancement of their promis'd Heir; the Conversation made such an Impression upon the Woman that she dreamt that Night the following Dream: She thought the Pains of Child-bearing were coming upon her, and order'd the Midwife to be sent for, who no sooner enter'd the Room but ran to her Assistance, and immediately, with one dreadful Pang, out came a monstrous Thing, which the Midwife taking to the Light, in a great Fright, cry'd out, *L—d! what is this?* And laying it down upon the Table there issued from it a great Stream of Liquid, that divided itself into ten thousand little Branches, that spread themselves over the whole Room: This alarm'd the Company, which by this Time she thought was grown very

C

numerous

numerous from the Flock of good Women that came to assist at her Labour; every body crowded to see the young Progeny, when, to their horrid Amusement, they found it was a great black Inkhorn sending out innumerable Streams of Ink; this so alarm'd her that she awaked.

In dreadful Consternation she continued the remaining Part of the Night, to think what could be the Event of so uncouth a Dream; but in the Morning advising with her Husband, they determined to go to a Man in the next Street, who had great Skill in Dreams, and other Mysteries of Nature; accordingly up they got, and were heyng to the Expounder, when they were met at the Door, by the same good Woman, whose advise they had followed with such Success; and immediately taking her by the Arm drew her in, and desired

desired her Opinion of the Dream that had created in them so many Fears, which they related as above, not omitting the least Circumstance. Here the Sallow Sorcerers paus'd a while, then with a chearful Countenance, that dispersed half their Fears, began: The Inkhorn with those innumerable Streams issuing from it, are the Types, or Symbols of his Genius, and the Extent of it; by them are signify'd the great Variety of Productions in human Learning, that will render him the Admiration and Surprize of all the Universe; as to that Spout, it betokens the Sex, and that it will be a Son. Overjoy'd at this Interpretation they dismiss'd her with a Reward, determining to wait the Event with Patience. In a few Days the Woman was brought to Bed of a Son, which assur'd them of the remaining Part; and now all their Hearts were set upon, was the proper Method



of educating it, least by any false Step they should mar the great Genius that was to be the Light of future Ages. Long Time they consulted together, at last determin'd to watch the little Motions of his Infancy, and learn from them how best to humour his Genius. They observ'd no Diversion took so much with him as the rattling of Paper, and dabling in Ink, and that young *Tim* was never better pleased than when up to the Elbows in it; this they look'd upon as an Earnest of what was promised in the Dream, and resolv'd to encourage him as far as their Stock would permit. One Day the Nurse, with great Joy, came running to the Father to tell him Master *Tim* call'd Papa, but the Father soon found the Mistake, and that the first Word *Tim* utter'd was, Paper. As *Tim* advanc'd in Years, the manifest bent of his Genius determin'd the Father to  
put

put him Apprentice to a Scrivener; where he might learn to write a legible and swift Hand, that his Invention might not wait for his Pen; which was well judged, for I myself must acknowledge that in the Heat of my Imagination, I have had such a quick Succession of beautiful Thoughts, that for Want of Speed to reduce them to Pen, Ink, and Paper, the World has lost, I sigh to repeat it, a most valuable Treasure, both of Instruction and Entertainment. This was prudently avoided, for, by incessant Practice, *Tim*, in a little Time, wrote as fast as he could think. The Father propos'd to him Accounts, but *Tim* prudently told him, he was resolv'd not to deal with this World any more than from Hand to Mouth, and begg'd that might not interrupt his Progress in Affairs of greater Moment. Thus *Tim* fally'd out, and in the two first Years of his Apprenticeship

prenticeship he apply'd himself so diligently to his Improvement, that, without interrupting his Master's Business, he had transcrib'd 70 Volumes in Folio, of different Languages; he could repeat by Heart all the *Seven Wise Masters* had said, he knew all the *Seven Champions Conquer'd*, and the *History of the Seven Wonders of the World*. He had dipp'd into 7 Sciences, and began now to be in Vogue among the People of Letters. The distress'd of all Kinds came to him to have their Cases drawn up, preferring *Tim* before his Master. He had such an easy Knack in the Epistolary Way, that he could dress up the Complaint of a forsaken Chamber Maid in the most affecting Terms, describe the Case of a poor Invalid, whether directed to a General, or a Surgeon; in short, all Cases came before him, and he grew intimate with the Town Intrigues, and learn'd behind

hind the Desk, in a low Way, what he afterwards treated of in the sublime.

*Tim* now began to think that Servitude was an Enemy to Great Minds, that they should not be cramp'd by low Indentures, left his Master, and returned to his Father, who gave him Entertainment in his House, and, to keep his Genius in Play, allow'd him a Rheam of Paper, and a Quartern of Ink every Day: Tho' this was an expensive Article, he was resolv'd to improve his Son's Talents at the Hazzard of his own Fortunes. So unbounded was the Genius of our young Student that he would one Day write a System of Physick; the next, a Comedy, or Copy of Verses; a third, would make a Sermon; the next, a Tale of a Tub, or Romance; but had this peculiar Turn in his Temper (whether it proceeded from natural Modesty, or Policy, I will not venture to determine) that



that he never would own his Productions, but always father'd them upon some body or other : I remember a Copy of his that appear'd under the Name of *P——e*, wherein he compliments a musical Lady, but the World found him out here, and tho' they look'd upon it as one of his Juvenile Performances, every body said it was prettily done for one of his Bigness. *Tim* now apply'd himself to his Studies so strictly that his Father was forced to encrease his Allowance : This fell so heavy upon him, and the Stock wasted so fast, that in a short Time he had no Paper to serve his Customers ; his Trade fell off, he run to Decay, and was forc'd to turn himself and his Wife upon their Son for a Support from that Genius they had so carefully indulg'd. *Tim* soon got him an Apartment, any thing contented him so he had no Noise over his Head ; but the

Alter-

Alteration in the Method of Life had such Effect upon the good old Couple, that they were both seiz'd with an Atrophy, and languishing a few Days, dyed. Now the young Man being more at large than before, began to keep a little Company, and it was soon buzz'd about that *Tim* was the greatest Genius of the Age, and the Booksellers began to hunt after him; some offer'd Money, but he was so great a Contemner of Mammon that he was never known to keep Company with more than a Tester at once: They attack'd him different Ways to no Purpose, *Tim* was resolv'd to stand upon his own Bottom, knowing his Capacity would allow him to imitate the sublimest Wits of his Time, and that a Title Page well countenanced would not fail of selling Three Editions at least: It happen'd unluckily about this Time that *Tim* fell sick of a Fever that settled

tled in his Head, and he would run  
 up and down in Alleys and Corners  
 affronting every Body : In this Mood a  
 Friend of mine met him one Day, and  
*Tim* accosted him with an great Oath,  
 Z——ds, Sir, Don't you know me ?  
 Not I indeed, Sir, quoth my Friend,  
 very civilly. No, Sir, I am *J——n*  
*D——s* Sir, the only Man alive that  
 has a true Taste of the Sublime. Sir,  
 your most humble Servant, says my Friend,  
 then you are not the Man I took you  
 for. To convince you that I am, quoth  
*Tim*, stooping down to the Kennel,  
 take that, and throws a great Hand-  
 ful of Mud all over his Cloaths. My  
 Friend acknowledg'd his Mistake, and  
 got out of his Reach as fast as he  
 could. Another Time he collected a  
 great Mob about him, and was telling  
 them that those Letters the World call'd  
 Mr. *Bull's* were not Mr. *Bull's*, and  
 that he could prove they were wrote  
 Two

Two Thousand Years before Mr. *Bull* was ever thought of. Three or Four Gentlemen passing by over-heard *Tim* talk in this extravagant Manner, and desired him to keep his Temper a Minute and they wou'd convince him Mr. *Bull* was the Man that wrote those Letters. How! says *Tim*, do you pretend to contradict a Master of a College, (for in those Vagaries he kept to his Humour of personating some Great Man) I tell you, you are a Parcel of ignorant blockheadly Dunces: Here he fell a kicking, and flouncing, and splashing, that the Company was glad to make the best of their Way, for fear of worse Usage. In these Resveries he continued a good while, till Somebody put him into a Course of Physick, and recovered him perfectly. Now he set himself to Work once more, very gravely, for the Improvement of Mankind; and fell upon Two Things.

D 2

The



The first was, to wipe out a Flaw in History that the World had passed by for near 1700 Years; and, as a Matter of great Importance, he studied Night and Day to find Proofs to countenance this new and useful Invention. Having settled the Thing to his Mind, he took an Opportunity to tell the World of what Importance it was to be set right in the Affair under his Consideration; and after opening the Mistake to them, began to Reason with them after this Manner: Look ye, Gentlemen, at the Time he lived, the Places he dwell'd in were under the *Roman* Jurisdiction, and were governed by Lord Lieutenants, so that he could have no Kingdom under them; and if he had a Mind to one by himself, he must have travelled a great Way, Three Parts of the known World being then in their Dominions: But why stand I to prove this! Gentlemen, here is my  
Hand

Hand upon it, I have considered the Thing seriously, and I protest to you solemnly, *in verbo Sacerdotis*, as I hope to change this troublesome —— Life for a better, he was so far from having a Kingdom, that he had not one Foot of Land in all the World; and if either of us had been alive then, and in the same Street, he would have had no more to do with us than the Emperor of *Russia* has at this Moment. Here *Tim* made his Bow, and left them to consider of it. Now, thinks he, I have made Way for a fine Argument; and observing he had set the People all agog, he thought this the critical Time to try the Extent of his Genius by managing this whole Argument himself, *Pro* and *Con*. Immediately he publish'd an Answer to his former Assertion, proving that he was a King, and had great Authority upon Earth; and if he attempted to assert

sert the Contrary, he would put him in the C——s, and convince him to his Cost. And now the Storm began to thicken; one Day he would publish, *A Vindication of, &c.* Another, *A Letter to, &c.* A Third, *A Defence of, &c.* Sometimes calling himself \*——, or ——, or ——, or ——, or ——, giving a new Name to every Treatise, and the whole Town began to be in an Uproar for Fear of Daggers drawing, for he would give the Lye again and again, and appeal to three or four at a Time, of each Side, to prove each lied. And tho' he frequently used Language below a Porter, yet he reason'd so much like a Divine, produc'd so many strong Arguments, and couch'd so much Artifice

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\* Here was a List of Rt. Rds. Rds. and M. As. which the Bookseller thinks fit to leave out.

tifice on each Side the Question, that not one of them all refused to own his Productions; but every body swore their Adversaries were ———. The Town continu'd in the Mistake, and least they should any longer, and in Honour to my Friend, I take this Opportunity of assuring them they were every one wrote with his own Hand.

The Second was, he having run through all Uniuersal Systems of Philosophy, and traced Nature in all her Intricacies, was so familiar with every Operation she was Mistress of, knew the Necessity of her acting in the regular Manner she does, that he had convinc'd himself there was no Occasion for a superior Power; and that this Piece of useful Knowledge should not be kept a Secret from the World, he oblig'd them with his Reasons in several very elaborate Discourses, under  
the



the Names of *T—d*, *C—s*, *C—o*, to which the *Beau Monde* are vastly beholden for the most agreeable Set of Morals they ever put in Practice.

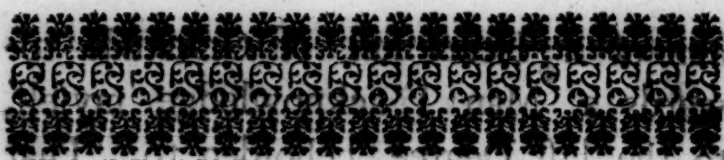
I have not been able to collect all the scatter'd Pieces of his, for Want of Time and proper Correspondents, tho' I must not omit three curious little Tracts of *P—ns*, *F—ts*, and *D—d—ns*, all surprizing Pieces of Wit and Ingenuity; with these he complimented *Dr. S—ft*, which, tho' they were too gay for one of his Cloth, might have set him up for a Wit, had not the World known that his Talent lay more in sound Divinity than Rapartee.

I shall take my Leave of the Reader, intreating him, First, not to consider these Memorandums as a perfect History; that was not what I promised, but only look upon it as the Token

ken of a Heart full of Gratitude towards a Man I acknowledge myself, to the last Degree, beholden to. That I could not write for Fame he will be assur'd, when he reflects upon the Incapacity I have all along discover'd to do Justice to my Friend, and I hope no body will descend to suspect me of any Thing else.

I must obviate one Reflection I am aware of, *viz. That there is not one Word in the whole Book in different Character*, by saying, that in true History there is no Room for Humour or Wit; and I must own I have stifted several very pretty Turns, for no other Reason than that they were below the Dignity of the Subject.

F I N I S.



*Just publish'd,*

**T**HE Wonderful Wonder of Wonders: Or, The Hole-History of the Life and Actions of Mr. *Breech*, the Eighth Wonder of the World. Being an accurate Description of the Birth, Education, Manner of Living, Religion, Politicks, Learning, &c. of mine A—se. By Dr. S——t. With a Preface, and some few Notes, explaining the most difficult Passages.

*Then as a Jest for this Time let it pass,  
And he that likes it not, may kiss my A——*  
JO. HAYNES.

The Sixth Edition. Printed from the Original Copy from *Dublin*, and Sold by *A. Moore* near *St. Paul's*.

